

Fact and Fancy for Women.

BY ELLA HIGGINSON.

SWEET VIOLETS.

O, violets! Sweet violets!
I put ye from me with a thrill of pain;
For violets—sweet violets!
Ye bring old sharpless sorrows back again.

O, violets! Sweet violets!
Tell me, are ye the same that long ago—
Tell, violets—sweet violets!
Lived, like my love, and died beneath the snow?

H, violets—sweet violets!
Ye are the souls of those that blossomed there,
Then, violets—sweet violets!
Furtive the soul of lost love lives somewhere.

"What shall I do to keep my husband's love?" cries one woman. "What shall I do to keep my husband at home?" moans another; and straightway an hundred receipts leap from as many pens.

She is advised to pet him; to let him do as he pleases, and turn the house upside down in his search for ease and comfort; and she is to fetch and carry for him from morning until night, with a smile—O, it is very urgent about the smile, it is in each receipt; she is to study his tastes, and to cook only his favorite dishes, no matter whether she cares for them; and she is to caress him, to admire him, to consider his every word a pearl of high price—and to smile. She is to keep a room set apart for him where he may be alone "just for the sake of feeling as if we was a bachelor again, don't you know." If he makes a miscalculation in the real estate market and loses \$10,000 at one sweep, she is to comfort him, to console him, to smile. But, on the other hand, if she miscalculates the heat of her oven and loses a whole day's baking, and the man who "stays out evenings" comes in and scowls at her and mumbles irritably, "Just like your carelessness," she is once more to look up at him through her tears and smile.

I have found all these "receipts" for neglected women in first-class periodicals. But if I were asked, "How shall I keep my husband's love," or "How shall I keep my husband home evenings," I should say: "My dear woman, there are no two men whose tastes, dispositions and ideas of happiness are precisely the same, in the whole world; and if your own heart does not suggest a means to accomplish your purpose, be assured no outsider can." There are some diseases for which there are no cures, and they are not always hereditary, either. We generally contract them through extreme carelessness in observing necessary precautions. We drift along with our eyes closed to all signs of danger, and our ears wed to all kindly words of advice, because drifting is easy. Immediately we become aware that disease has its hold upon us, we become alarmed and rush off in search of a cure. The doctors have a turn at us; but, though they relieve us and furnish us temporary remedies, they can not find a cure.

My dear woman, if you have blindly drifted into marriage without first ascertaining whether the man you meant to marry was possessed of a proper appreciation of the respect, consideration and courtesy due a wife, and find that you have made a bitter mistake, do not complain. Sum up your own shortcomings—they may equal his. Do your duty always, and try to help others. Lightening another's heavy burden lightens your own. Do not "tossy" to a man, though, who neglects you. The wife who does this develops into the mother who says:

"Now, Willie, if you do that again I'll punish you." Whereupon Willie immediately does it again, because he knows his mother has no strength of character and never means what she says. Maintain your dignity and self-respect; and, however sore your load may be, do not ever forget how many, many women live daily on Dead Sea fruits.

"No matter how weary your climbing,
There is always some one below."

"I don't wear corsets," said a lady to me the other day, with quite a superior air; "at least when I am at home."

I felt a strong inclination to tell her that the information was not necessary. She looked about as shapely and beautiful as a Maltese cross; and she wore slippers that were run "down" at the heel and "out" at the toe. It was two o'clock in the afternoon, yet she wore an ungainly and slatternly morning wrapper, with no collar or bit of lace at her throat, and her hair had not been touched since she twisted it up before breakfast. She was a young married woman, with no family to take up her time, and there was no earthly excuse for her appearance save laziness. Why should you not wear corsets? They hurt you? Why, of course they hurt you if you only put them on when you go out. Accustom your feet to loose slippers, and neatly fitting boots will cause you agonies of suffering when you wear them. A corset loose enough to be comfortable improves the figure of any woman; but if you have fully made up your mind not to wear them, at least have the good taste to wear gowns that will partly conceal their absence. Don't wear waists which fasten tightly about your body—and which were meant to be fitted over corsets—and then ask your friends, with a glance of unsophisticated innocence and complacence, if they "would have guessed from your 'looks' that you didn't wear a corset"—because if they say yes, you will be indignant; while if they say no they will have a little white fib on their conscience.

Of course, young girls and growing girls should not wear corsets; but when the figure is fully developed it should be gently held in shape by a good, easy corset. If you will wear one so comfortable that you may stand firmly on both feet and pet your hand high and straight above your head without any disagreeable sensations, it will not hurt you. Most people who advocate any special form of dress have something or other to sell; so I may as well add that I am not advertising any particular make of corsets.

Don't say "thanks." It is an ugly, jerky, little word, and it is such a senseless one. It has its meaning, of course; but did you ever stop to think what it is? It means "I am awfully obliged to you, but it is too much trouble to tell you, so I will put it all in one little, crisp word that will cover all the ground at once." It is impossible to use it with expression or feeling; it has a way of tumbling carelessly and easily off your tongue, as if indolence was its mother, instead of gratitude. It may be well enough to say "Thanks" when a stranger opens a door for you, or restores to you your kerchief, but how much better it would be to say "Thank you." The slightest favor or courtesy deserves prompt, cordial and grateful recognition; there are still so many bores in the world that little courtesies—although they should not be expected or exacted—smell as sweet as roses when the winds steal the kisses that hide in